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REPORT

OF A

REHEARSAL

OF AN

HUNTERIAN ORATION,

AT THE

Royal College of Surgeons,

READ TO A

COMMITTEE OF UNDERTAKERS,

BY

WILLIAM WOEFUL,

OF FLEET-MARKET,

WITH THE CURATE OF BLACK FRYARS AT HIS ELBOW, &c.

“ Now, understanding that the CURATE, and YOUR SWEET SELF, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth (as it were), I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.”

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:

**PUBLISHED BY C. G. DYER, COMPTON-STREET, SOHO,
AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS.**

1822.

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AT THE

Royal College of Surgeons

AND

COMMITTEE OF UNDERSTANDING

BY

WILLIAM W. HUNTER

OF THE COLLEGE

WITH THE GRATE OF BRILLIANT AT THE LONDON

THE HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS
AND THE HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS
AND THE HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS
AND THE HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS



PUBLISHED BY C. G. OSTER, COMPTON STREET, SOHO,
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PREFACE.

HAVING waited upon the Curate of Black Fryars, full of congratulations from the Committee, I found him rummaging his late father's books. I told him how much I wished for a Preface to my Letter, for that the Committee had ordered it to be printed. Says he, I have this moment read through one written nearly a century ago, which I intend, when the century is past, sending to the Gentleman's Magazine, that the rust of antiquity might make the gem more perfect, and more acceptable to that valuable record of intellectual literature. Your little cracker is too diminutive for the purpose of the whole of the Preface ; I shall therefore take care

that it may not be, in the language of a
modern Reviewer, too

Lengthy,

therefore, in the language of a compiler,
I will

cut it down ;

when, in the language of a Pamphleteer,
it will then

do.

And as I see that you are upon duty,
with your rich silk scarf over your shoul-
ders, your flowing hat-band, and official
staff, I will not detain you from carrying
home your work, but take care to send
you extracts from my father's book, for
the Preface to the Hunterian Oration
to-morrow morning before the first
prayer. I am well aware, Master
Woeful, added the Curate, that as Au-
drey says,

“ The Gods have not made you poetical.”

I may say of these extracts, that what
has been applied, like any other new

instrument of the brain, may be applied again ; and that, as Horace says,

——— “ Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur.”

I know nothing of the sect of those Hunterian Orators, of this congregated crew, but from their works ; I know nothing of the spiders that weave the web, but from their Spital-fields dexterity, and their cobweb imitation ; nor am I conscious of having made one remark which did not naturally arise from the subject before me.

But I have been told, that whatever was my design, my cracker might, in fact, do an injury to the Orators, and even to the Bookseller. I hope I am not guilty of the charge. To do them an injury in this case, I must have taken from John Hunter something he had a right to. If I have proved that he had no real right to something which he claimed, this is not injuring the sect nor him, but doing every

justice to the reputation of regular Practitioners and the Public.

I am just in the case of a friend of mine, who, going to visit an acquaintance, upon entering his room, met a person going out of it : — “ Prithee, Jack,” says I, “ what do you do with that fellow ? ” “ Why, ’tis Don Pedro de Mondongo, my Spanish master ! ” replied my friend. “ Why, he’s an arrant Teague : I have seen and known the fellow abroad well enough — ’tis Rory Gehagen. I have seen him, I say, abroad, where he waited on some gentlemen. He may, possibly, have been in Spain, but he knows little or nothing either of the language or the pronunciation, and will sell you the true Tipperay brogue for true Castilian.” Now, honest Rory had the same reason of complaint against the Gentleman, and I suppose abused him as heartily for it ; but, nevertheless, the gentleman did

both parties justice. In short, if a man will put himself off in the world for what he is not, he may be sorry for being discovered, but he has no right to be angry with the person that discovers him.

That there may be some good in the Hunterian works, I never did deny; but as he had the plundering of five or six dead men, it will be difficult to know which are his own. Some of them, I suppose, may be; and hard indeed would be his luck, if, among so many throws, he should have never a winning cast. But I do not insist that there are great numbers of shameful blunders as disparage the rest, if they do not discredit his title to them, and make them look rather like lucky hits, than the result of judgment.

Thus I have, for the sake of the Public, at my own great hazard, though not of life or limb, yet of reputation,

ventured to attack the sect of this giant in fame, who seemed to me like his brother Orgoglio, of whom Spenser says, Book I. Canto vii. st. 9:

“The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
And blustering Æolus his boasted sire.”

And she, after a hard labour,

“Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slime,
Puffed up with empty wind.”

I have endeavoured, like Prince Arthur, to squeeze him; and the Public must judge whether the event has been like what happened to his brother on the same experiment:

“But, soon as breath out of his breast did passe,
The huge great body which the giant bore
Was vanish’d quite, and of that monstrous masse
Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder was.”

Canto viii. st. 24.

The world will not long be imposed upon by ungrounded pretences to learning, or any other qualification; nor does the knowledge of words alone, if it be really

attained, make a man learned : every judge will subscribe to Scaliger's opinion : " If," says he, " a person's learning is to be judged of by his reading, nobody can deny Eusebius the character of a learned man ; but, if he is to be esteemed learned who has shown judgment together with his reading, Eusebius is not such."

I shall conclude with the words of a celebrated author on a like occasion : " It was not the purpose of these remarks to cast a blemish on his envied fame, but to do a piece of justice to the real merits both of the Sect and of what are, by the lying tongue, commonly called the works of John Hunter, by that best and gentlest method of correction which Nature has ordained in such a case, of laughing both down to their proper rank and character."

In the absence of Mr. Woeful, I will, unchecked by his natural modesty, open to the Reader some of the uppermost features of his present private temper. Mr. Woeful is naturally a little *quid-nuncish*. He fears the iron coffins will break down his hearses; and, what is more, that the durable piles of iron coffins, like the barrows on the Dorsetian Downs, will in time shut out all intercourse with burial-grounds, by raising their height, overshadowing even the London steeples, and making the joint hills of Highgate and Hampstead look “like a wart.” But he has his hopes also, that, if the iron coffin manufactory should be obstinately persisted in, the Birmingham trade will petition Parliament, as they *wisely* did about cloth-covered buttons; or the nail trade, in the coffin line, will, by iron coffins, be entirely knocked up, profits and all; and that pretty, pattering, knock, knock, knock, so dulcet to the ear, on passing

an Undertaker's, harmonious as a full chorus of nightingales in a solitary grove on a May evening, be silenced for ever and ever. Moreover, there is a proverb which tells us that such and such acts will be "a nail in our coffins:" now libidinous excesses must be committed in the absence of this awful check.

Mr. Woeful has also very lately to lament the loss of a beautiful and young relation, who died in childbed: which of the sex attended her I am ignorant of. He buried her in linen from affection, and to spite the Act of Parliament, which he says, is oppressive to nature and feeling.

Mr. Woeful is very fond of cherishing female duties, and is disposed to give the very best of them the preference in the concerns of midwifery to man's *ditto**.

* *Ditto*, in the Italian language, means not only repetition, but also multiplication of quantity—ditto—ditto—ditto.

I indulge this soft infirmity in him, by repeatedly selecting for his comfort poetic passages as they come, uncalled for. The following suited his moping state of mind, when I rehearsed them :

“ From women’s eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They sparkle still the right *Promethean* fire.
 They are the *books*, the *arts*, the *academies*
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent.”

Then I address him, when he invokes the spirit of his young and beautiful relation, like a real saint :

“ I will be thine, and till that instant shut
 My WOEEUL SELF up in a mourning-house.”

And, though last and least, this raised a smile in him, when I repeated it—

“ Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd,”
 it was a smile and a sigh, not such as

“ Move wild laughter in the throat of death.”

SHAKESPEARE.

REPORT
OF A
REHEARSAL
OF AN
HUNTERIAN ORATION,
&c. &c.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING, with the most cautious ceremonies and studied formalities, introduced to a close little Synod of three, I very fortunately found three old and steady friends and customers in our way, who are the principal conductors of this annual and far-famed celebration of that Genius which, without, as every body had heard him declare, having read a book, has raised such a name — so high in fame, that no history but romance has ever recorded. Doctor Phusis, an apos-

tate from the College of Physicians, whose Orations are delivered in the Latin tongue, in honour of a name formerly known by the name of the immortal Harvey, Doctor Phusis was in the chair: how shall I designate him?

From the Bible, he would be the High Priest:

From the Testament, St. Peter with his keys —

“ Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;
Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain,
The golden opes, the iron shuts amain.”

From the Drama, Scrub; as Scrub plays the part of physician, surgeon, and accoucheur. And when Belzoni stripped the jackets of his mummy, there was Scrub. The newspapers told us, the mummy was stripped in the presence of Dr. Phusis and others — nobody named but Dr. Phusis — nobody worthy to go along-side with Scrub. Here, said I, is Scrub again!

And from Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the Hoste. The Hoste, the Curate of

Black Fryars, tells me, for he is now at my elbow, that the Hoste, in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, *takes the lead*; pays all expenses — with other men's money; an old-fashioned mode of generosity, revived. So that Dr. Phusis, the Hoste, takes the chair.

Adds the Curate: "Phusis and Chaucer's Hoste are as much alike as two eyes in the face of beauty." "Or," says Woeful, "as two of my mutes at the door of a funeral." "Be silent," replied the Curate, "and I will show you what Chaucer's Hoste says for himself in his Prologue. You have seen Phusis in Lincoln's Inn Fields; you know what business had he there; and now you shall see Chaucer's Hoste in Southwark:

[From Chaucer.]

"In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrie,
That highte the Taberd, faste by the Belle."

HOSTE'S PROLOGUE.

"And, if you liketh me, by on assent
Now for to stonden at my jugement,
And for to worchen as I find you say
To morwe — when you riden on the way,
Now by my fader's [*uncle John's*] soule that is ded,
But ye be mery, smiteth of my hed:
Hold up your hondes, without more speche."

Again :

“ And which of you that bereth him best of alle,
That is to sayn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Shall have a souper at your aller cost,
Here in this place, sitting by this post,
When that you comen again from Canterbury.
I wol my selven gladly with you ride,
Right at my own cost, and be your guide ;
And who that wol my jugement withsay
Shall pay for all we spenden by the way.”

Again :

“ The thing was granted, and our othes swore,
With ful glad herte, and praiden him also
And that he wolde ben our governour,
And of our Tales juge and reportour,
And sette a souper at a certain pris,
And we wol reuled ben at his devise,
In highe and lowe: And thus by on assent
We ben accorded to his jugement.”

“ So that here the Physician,” says the Curate, “ temporally is suspended, that he may play the part of the Hoste. Doctor Phusis takes the chair, as the Hoste. “ Yet,” says the Curate, “ the dignity of Doctor Phusis, is not to be considered as let down, neither, as Physician or Surgeon, or High

Priest, or St. Peter, or Scrub, as Chaucer, by what will follow, will certify :

“ With us ther was a Doctour of Phisike ;
In all this world ne was ther non like him
To speke of phisike and of surgerie.”

Again :

“ Full redy hadde he his Apothecaries
To send him drogges and his lettuaries,
For eche of hem made other for to winne :
His friendship n'as not newe to beginne.”

Thus far the Curate's report of the office of the Hoste, from Chaucer.

On his right-hand sat Bartholomew, a renegado from the school of the great Percival Pott, of Bartholomew Hospital ; and it was from that cause he merited this high appointment.

“ And hang a calf's skin o'er his recreant head.”

And on the left-hand sat Saint George. He also is a renegado, but it is from his own school ; a renegado from himself ; and for which I am most heartily sorry, as our interest was going on much better before than since he gave up the practice of caustick. He invents, but never discovers.

The usual compliments amongst gentlemen having passed, I opened my pleadings,

as the lawyers call them. I presented my delegation, and went directly into the important subject of my visit. After having made my professions to the little Synod, and expressed, in the most emphatic manner, how desirous, nay, how ambitious even, I should be to contribute actively my share to the honours of their celebrated day of Orations, by opening a Jubilee of my own composing, I counted minutely the great advantages they would draw to themselves from my offer, especially as it was quite disinterested, and free of expence. That seemed to please them.

I particularly observed to the Synod, that a constant repetition of the same thing over and over again, the same type, the same quantity of paper, (by the bye, very good paper,) and the same sect of Orators (with some rare exceptions), had thrown a SHROUD over the festivity. My best of friends, the Curate of Black Fryars, now at my elbow, observed that the *rare exceptions* deserved an explanation. He admitted that there were some rare exceptions ; some Orations that appeared like moonshine to the little

Synod, for want of substantial flattery ; some high-minded Orators, that presumed to think for themselves ; and that these were sent away with

‘ Bills on their necks.’

“ I can tell you,” said the Curate, “ what is become of them : they were thrown into Fleet Ditch by the little Synod, but they triumphantly buoyed up ; they would not be tempted by the

—— ‘ Reflecting gems

That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,’

and are at this moment tenants of the ocean —

‘ Rari nantes in gurgite vasto.’

“ These rejected Orations, sealed safely in bottles, are now traversing the watery world, sport for dolphins. Time,” says the Curate, “ brings forth wonders. The little Synod, perhaps, may hereafter become the ridicule of another generation also, when the contents of these bottles are again examined ; these may, by the golden round which “ fate, and the metaphysical aid of time, brings forth, become the philosophy of the day.”

The Curate galloped on, for I could not stop him. Says he: "These supposed defunct Orations shall, by the supposition of some marine Syren's protection, become the resurrection of truth; of that truth which the little Synod,

"Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain, too intricate to unloose."

The Curate then, more animated than ever, invoked the Syren of the Waves, that she should take the corked bottles under her protection, and not suffer them to be exposed to the caprice of the billows of the ocean; and out came the invocation:

"Sing, Syren, for thyself, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lye;
And, in this glorious supposition, think
He gains by death that hath such means to die."

The Curate, happily for me, ceased; and I proceeded with my complaint of dullness unattractive, in the Orations, most applauded.—It was but yesterday, said I, that I sent for a pound of figs to treat my two little boys (twins); the figs were wrapped

up in one of the Oration papers.—To tell you the truth, I was not surprised I could not tell whose it was, as they are all so much alike ; notwithstanding I endeavoured as much as man could, to distinguish a difference. Next to the grocer lives a trunk-maker. Mrs. Woeful, my wife, wanting a new trunk for her jaunt in the steam-boat, when, lo ! it was lined with parts of the same Oration !!! Why, said I, this is enough to damp the Devil himself. I told them that I had composed a Poetic Address, after the manner of a prologue ; but that I had, before I proceeded, to offer them some explanatory observations on matters which will be to our mutual advantage, and also on those which will be to our mutual detriment. I told them I was pleased to see Doctor Phusis the Hoste's name to every new medical establishment ; that I approve of their great increase in this metropolis ; I congratulated him upon his own ideas upon this point ; I saw in the strongest light the advantageous value of Phusis the Hoste's perceptions—that every new medical establishment provided for six students, such students as

are seldom to be found ; such as had completed their Northern education ; namely, two to pharmacy, two to surgery, and two to chemistry. This was opening an extensive door to our interest, and in some measure counteracting the more Southern thought of inoculating for the cow-pox, in my opinion a beastly thought. I told him, also, that the schools for lectures were happily increased ; that the opposite theories did us good ; and that more may still be expected from the Lectures of the Army Surgeons, especially those from Egypt, as they have been so accustomed to contemplate blind eyes, that they have lost their judgment upon sound ones. I told them I did not approve of iron coffins, that I had read the effusion at the Commons, and that my scantlings were lying upon hand, and rotting above ground ; nor of deep graves ; nor of pick-axes and shovels ; for that my interest was better served by slight coffins and shallow depths, such as I could garden myself with a rake. Suppose a finger or a toe should importunately start up above the surface, I have nothing more to do than a regu-

lar gardener has with his knife in an asparagus bed, that's all. And pray, gentlemen, said I, is all this not your interest too?— They thought so, as I thought, and seemed wonderfully attentive to me.

Having premised thus much, I returned to the important subject of my visit, my Prologue. I observed to them, and I pressed this upon their attention, that as the Hunterian Oration was an English offering to the shrine of Genius without Learning; that all the Medical Practitioners of every Medical Dispensary, of every workhouse, of every livery stable, of all countries, and colleges, not excepting Aberdeen; that even those gay seducers, the species of papilios, knights, pimps, and panders, should freely enjoy the privilege of making their offering to the aforesaid shrine of Genius without Learning; and that, as Bunyan says, "Great bowls and great spoons will hold more than little bowls and little spoons," that this be adopted after I have made my appearance, and spoken my Prologue; such a one as I flatter myself,

“ That Orpheus’ self may heave his head
 From golden slumbers on a bed
 Of heap’d Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains— CURATE.

Then, and not till then, Genius without
 Learning may mount the rostrum.

I told them, that the morning was not the time of the day for an Oration, bordering upon the fun of a jubilee; that the Theatre, being illuminated, will give life and splendour to the performance, and that when I enter with my Prologue, I should expect to be preceded by two of my mutes carrying two flambeaux each before me—they ought to be made of the very best materials. I told them there would be, as I prognosticated (a word I borrowed from them), an inspiration excited amounting to ecstasy. And I told them, for the further excitement to the adoption of this grand revolution, I was happy to say, that I will furnish them with a drop curtain without fee or reward; (they stared) as I bespoke two for a winding sheet to wrap round a great fat citizen, and charged both in the bill. All three applauded me; and I in return congratulated them. Doctor

Phusis the Hoste's countenance was seen to mantle ; he introduced a pun from the Winter's Tale :

“ So must thy *grave*
Give way to what 's seen now.”

Bartholomew was a little rough with me, and held out a threat ; the Curate tells me, he stole it from Anthony and Cleopatra.

“ For this———
I 'll never follow thy *palled* fortune more.”

Whilst Saint George, poor soul, was content with a distich, the Curate says, from Prior's Alma :

“ Here, Dick, I could display much learning,
At least to men of small discerning.”

To sum up, as the Clerk says, I have great cause to think that my triumph was complete, and that it was indifferent to me how the rest of the College of Surgeons in their estimation held my merit, who are nothing more than so many puppets in the hands of those who move the wires, seeing that they had so warmly, so nobly ratified it ; and as if I felt myself inspired, I poured forth the following Latin distich, sliely taking the

Curate's paper out of my pocket, which he made me rehearse to him :

“ Tigrim vince (says I) levemque passerinum,
Nulla est gloria preterire asellos.”

You will be astonished how this little piece of flattery acted upon the little synod —Phusis the Hoste rose, and consequently Bartholomew and Saint George rose also ; they seemed to catch by sympathy my inspiration, and the Hoste joining hands, delivered the following well, if the accent had not been bad.

“ *To these* that sober race of men, whose lives,
Religious, titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, *to the trains, and to the smiles*
Of these fair Atheists ?” —

Now unfortunately I was thinking too much about my Prologue to attend to the foreign pronunciation of our Hoste ; and it no more acted upon me, which I fear he discovered, than it would upon

“ A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what 's o'clock.”

A propos, before I begin my Prologue at

the grand Theatre, it will be right, I presume, for you, gentlemen, to order the doors to be opened in time, that every graduate may take his seat according to his rank, not education, nothing to do with that; for I hope you gentlemen of the Hunterian Oration will not condescend to take measure of that: I mean my plan to be similar to the Pit, Boxes, and Gallery at other Theatres. All these preliminaries being most cheerfully granted, I then made my appearance, dressed in my best Undertaker's habit, and rehearsed before them my Prologue.

PROLOGUE.

WILLIAM WOEFUL, *the Speaker, in the Habit of an Undertaker.*

Hot from Fleet-market, where at this bless'd minute,
 My best new hearse stands still, the corpse within it;
 See sad Will Woeful, suppliant before you,
 "List, list, oh list, if ever;" hear my story!!
 No substitute of misery, now I moan!
 Believe my lamentations—they're my own—
 In these vile times, when Ribaldry prevails,
 And clamorous Wit, each solemn scene assails;
 When, though the Tragic Muse herself appears,
 Each leaden coxcomb ridicules her tears,

And glad to see her poison'd, stabb'd, or swoon,
 Pants for the idle Farce, or air-balloon.
 No marvel Quacks, in such a sordid age,
 Obtain at length the satire of the Stage—
 Quacks, the best patriots which this kingdom knows,
The grand Composers of all human woes!
 Say, but for them, on England's narrow shore,
 What *Plagues* would ravage, and what discords roar!
 How would the swarming natives choke the land,
 Want in each eye, and murder in each hand!
 But to the Quack, with deleterious art,
 Helps from the groaning crowds the needless part;
 And the bless'd Death-man, as his fees increase,
 Hails his dear Country and the Quack for peace.
 But, oh! it shocks my soul when I behold
 Your genuine Sons of Physic rave and scold;
 Ungrateful varlets! is it theirs to blame
 The hands that build the fabric of their fame?
 How oft have I beheld their meddling save
 The good Quack's patient from the yawning grave.
 How oft (enraged, th' idea I pursue)
 Rob me, and baulk the Sexton of his due!
 "The pride of life," the transitory noise
 Of mirth that pangs, and pleasure that destroys,
 But too much captivate the sensual mind,
 Deaf to Instruction, and to Ruin blind.
 Parsons may preach, and Methodists may storm,
 But Quacks and *we* alone the world reform.
 When to the Quack the expiring fees are paid,
 Then comes the glory of the Death-man's trade,

The well-clothed Mutes all stalking cheek by jowl,
 Strike awe and terror in each sinful soul ;
 While the loud bell, as slow we pace the ground,
 “ Flings to the hollow gale a sullen sound *.”
 Now, as the oftener sights like these you see,
 The more you ’re mended—thank the Quacks and *me*.
 I am told a witling, to mankind a foe,
 Aims at the honourable Quacks a blow ;
 And, should he strike (*pause*,) ye lamps, whose beauty’s
 light

Outshines my flambeaux in the darkest night !
 Ye sons of elegance, whose merit claims
 Perpetual pickle to embalm your frames,
 Protect an Artist, who your forms can save,
 And like the Bard † I’ll thank you in the grave !
 And ye bold Bloods, who, eager after fame,
 Strain o’er the mountains for a stinking game !
 Revere a brother hunter in distress :
Death is your sport, and sure ’tis mine no less.
 To you, ye mighty Gods ! (*pupils*) I last apply,
 “ Immortal as ye are—ye cannot die— ‡ ”
 If you protect not—Oh ! how dire the curse—
 Farewell, the sable troops—the plumed hearse—
 The coach—the shroud—the coffin and the shell—
 Will Woeful’s occupation’s gone—Farewell !

At that part of my Prologue where I
 make the following Invocation :—

————— “ Ye lamps, whose beauty’s light
 Outshines my flambeaux in the darkest night”—

* Mason. † Young. ‡ Bion.

Doctor Phusis, our Hoste, hastily rose from his chair, and begged Mr. Woeful to recollect, that no females ever were admitted either into this theatre or into the ancient Athenian, and that the presumption was extravagant. Nay, he went further; for I saw his blood was up, he became fretful and passionate, as may be seen by the signs of his quotation.

———— “ New sorrows (says he)
Strike reason on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllables of dolor.”

Bartholomew, from sympathy, joined with Phusis, and made a very pointed objection. “ If this be the case,” says he,

“ The oats must eat the horses.”

St. George also gave his opinion *seriatim*.

“ I consider,” says he, “ women as snipes. Doctor Warburton calls them, ’tis true, ‘ diminutive woodcocks;’ but my brother-in-law told me, they never associated.”

I, with all my modesty, expressed my surprize at the offensive objection which had been raised; I at once ventured to reply,

that females might or might not be in attendance, but that was no bar to my invocation; that I had precedents of the highest order for it; precedents which, perhaps, might have escaped the recollection of my valued friend, when he ventured to interrupt me. The Curate of Black Fryars, who so often honours me with his consultations, has furnished me with unlimited precedents for this invocation made to the beautiful part of the fair sex. Says the Curate, this is now to be considered as a festival, or as a carnival in honour of *Genius without Learning*. Festivals and carnivals (adds he) pass off very flat indeed without females; and at any rate, it would not be gallant, from an *unbookish jealousy*, to shut the doors against them. "First," says the Curate, "Dean Swift, not the most polished of distinguished talent, has told us, in these very words, that 'Apollo was the God of Physic, and the sender of diseases; that it was one trade formerly, and so it continues still.'

"And," added the Curate, "how could the College, or rather the little Synod, have the face, as this was a festival in a science

under Apollo's protection (not a freemason's lodge), of denying Apollo the noble privilege of bringing with him Venus with her myrtle, and even Bacchus with his vine-leaves. Second (says the Curate), in Shakspeare you will find another case in point, where the doors, at least, are open to the choice of females entering or not.

‘ I can call spirits from the vasty deep !’

“ Now, I suppose,” says he “ as females are spirits as indiscriminately as males, they are here included within the power of invocation. Now, the answer to this is,

‘ And so can I, and so can any man ; but when you call them, will they come ?’

“ Will they come,” says the Curate, “ when you call them ?—that is your justification. The Poet has invoked them, and it will be readily seen that the Poet has not been deficient in the gallantry of a poet. Now,” says the Curate, “ eventually it will be seen whether they come or not ; that certainty must depend, not upon Dr. Phusis the Hoste, nor on Bartholomew, nor Saint George, but whether they, being the hereditary mis-

tresses of their own affairs, chuse to come or not."

So far the Curate. I felt hurt, I must own, in the height of my bliss to have been thus interrupted by those whom I consider the types of Apollo and his suit upon earth, whom I have held in my "heart's core." Moreover, said I, if we shut out the chance of female influence, who can hereafter hope to be called forth so often as my friend Dr. Phusis is?—Here Bartholomew and Saint George rose, seemingly alarmed at what might come of it. A reconciliation immediately followed; and, after some hardly audible whispers amongst them, and a short breathing time with myself, I repeated the two lines of invocation to the fair sex, and even proceeded to the end of the prologue, as if no such thing had ever happened. I could overhear their whispers, at my intervals of breathing, very indistinctly; but, from what I could collect, I understood that they meant to put Shakespeare, Apollo, Dean Swift, and the Curate, out of the question, they having "no such stuff in their thoughts;" and that they una-

nimously decreed, smilingly, that the young females, students in midwifery, should find out their seats among the pupils with or without fans or masks. And that the old ones, and nurses, Mrs. Griffiths not excepted, should take their chances. When I repeated what had thus brought about a reconciliation to the Curate, he laughed most heartily. "What!" says he, "do we not always find old women in every society of the literati? Some in the disguise of doctors, of all degrees, and others in their primitive forms? For, says he,

—— "How shall they credit
A poor unlearned Virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself."

They disgrace their own science by it.

But as for the young ones, they will come, either in disguise as pupils, or with their "forked fans." "I should like," says the Curate, "to see one of them address Bartholomew the Churl thus:

—— "Leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness, to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphant."

Oh! had I but the Curate's Muse!!! On
he went :

—— “ Our veiled dames
Commit the war of white and damask,
In their nicely gauded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' (our Apollo's) burning kisses.”

Again :

“ The blood within her crystal cheeks
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lily and the rose
For mastership did strive.”

Says the Curate, “ The last distich will
put the little Synod into very good humour
with themselves. They will all three agree,
that it would make a most excellent anat-
omical preparation. I will give them one
more, which will make all up :

“ This silent war of lilies and of roses
Which Tarquin viewed in her fair face's field.”

“ Where should we be without woman?”
said the Curate. “ How should we, without
them,

“ Fill the wide vessel of the universe?”

“ Away,” says he,

“ With this *unbookish jealousy*.”

The close synod began to titter, at least two of them, at my Rehearsal. The thoughts of the ladies muddled their heads, and tickled their fancies.

“ Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people,”

said the gay Phusis the Hoste.

“ My gracious Science hail !”
said Bartholomew.

“ Fair Ladies masked are roses in the bud,
Or angels veiled in clouds.”

Both exclaimed—“ This will do.”

“ And she hath offered to the *doom*,
Which *unreversed* stands in effectual force,
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears.”

“ Bravo ! Bravo !” cried both of them,
“ the Ladies shall be admitted.”

Their joint demand was made of Saint George’s opinion ; and, as if he dreaded the ridicule of the ladies (which I know nothing about), he openly told them of Slender’s establishment.

“ I keep but three men and a boy yet.”

The other two said :—

———— “ It is silly, sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of Love,
Like the *old age*.”

And St. George added, with a deep sigh, from a late occurrence, which operated upon himself instead of another — “Unpleasant Surgery!!” — And then he added —

“Poor I am, stale, a garment out of fashion.”

The exhilaration of spirits in Phusis and Bartholomew could not dissipate the gloom of Saint George. The two former had turned out from the retina of the brain, the strong imaginations there painted—I should say, engraved—a proof-impression.

“In the spring we shall meet,”

says Phusis.

Bartholomew echoed Phusis.

“In the spring we shall meet,”

says Bartholomew.

Both exclaimed: “The ladies will bring with them the perfume,

“That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.”

Phusis—

“So cares and joys abound, as sorrows fleet.”

Bartholomew—

“And pleasure drown the bowl,”

They seemed to be wrapped up in the virtue of the pleasure I held out to them, and to be stunned at their own stupidity, for suffering this hum-drum monotonous cant to have gone on so long. "The whole of the orations," continued the Undertaker, under the sanction of the Curate, "are too dropsical for criticism. They elude, by their untenacity, by their want of tangibility of substance, both opposition and reason, if ever it had been worth while to have made the attempt. There is nothing to be seen, felt, heard, or understood in them: where Fancy selects something, seemingly come-at-able, it escapes the grasp like floating objects before the eyes of a distempered mind; they tease one to catch at them, but nothing comes of it.

'Nothing comes of nothing.'"

"The spirits are dejected, even in contemplation,

'Even to a Letheid dulness.'

"Think," says the Curate, "how grand you stand now! Well may any one of the old Orators that were in favour exclaim, in

behalf of themselves and their brethren in dulness,

“ Well, I am your theme, you have the start of me ; I am dejected—I am not able to answer the Welch Flannel.”

“And here,” says the Curate, “ thou mightest add in triumph, by pointing to the converted Synod—

“ And here thy Hunters stand
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy Lethé.”

They all three by this time expressed most handsome things to me, and wished me well, and I on my part replied in the style of the Curate,

“ I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased to wish it back on you.”

The Curate told me in confidence his having an intention to add to his name, and his fame also, if you please, F. R. S. and said, as experimental knowledge is highly applauded, because every man can tell his *truth* in his own way: he has it all hollow to himself. I think of making some important experiments upon paper kites, which bare the types of a printer, and with his

general generosity he added, “ and you may have the honour of the result, as a present to the reformed Synod, after I have gotten my degree.”

Experiment I.

I got a good parcel of the Orations from my neighbour the trunk-maker: he bought them at a medical sale, the title-pages torn off. I made a kite with these for my boys at St. Paul's School, but owing to the heavy load of the text, the noble spirit of Hunter

“ Sunk in the ground, I thought it would have mounted.”

“ Ah, down it comes, in vain aloft it springs,
A perfect lifeless bat with leathern wings.” CURATE.

Experiment II.

I then stripped off the Orations. So you see it was the same frame, and substituted, by the advice of a very worthy friend of mine, some pages from the works of Petrus Camper, Haller, and Pott. My old friend having very gallantly sacrificed these copies of their works for the sake of the important cause. The kite rose with a stately dignity,

poised in the air, beautifully steady, and carried out the whole length of the tether.

Experiment III.

The same friend, carried away by faith, told me he could, when the kite descended, supply the same frame with fragments, then in his possession, of *Euripides*. The kite was made up entirely by Euripides. He wisely cautioned me about the substance of the string, but even that caution availed nothing: the kite ascended with so much velocity as to snap short off the cord, as thick almost as a bell-rope, and vanish into air—

“Thin air.”

Experiment IV.

This was made in a dream. For I dreamt that I could not go to sleep. A dream has been said to be, by a very wise man *, the Comedy of Life.

THE CURATE'S DREAM.

Methought I rose early in the month of June, mounted my horse, and found myself attracted to a hay-field, somewhat in the

* Casaubon.

manner of a destiny. Suddenly I heard a most lamentable cry from out of one of the haycocks. Galloping towards it, to my great alarm, I saw an adder twisted round a girl's arm, who had taken her rest there during the night. The eyes of the adder were soon upon me: he rapidly escaped before I could come at him. What was to be done? The girl was in the greatest agony, and the morning-dew had not as yet been drunk up by the rays of the sun: no haymakers were in the field. The continued shrieks of the girl, and my vociferations, brought two men in haste to our assistance. A litter was made for her, and she was carried to the hospital. The singularity of the case caused summonses to be sent to the principals of the Faculty; of course, amongst them were Dr. Phusis, Saint Bartholomew, and St. George; but, unfortunately, their other occupations did not bring them together till the subsequent morning, when they found that the poor girl had breathed her last in great agony during the night. The arm appeared swollen to excess; and, as the case brought natu-

rally to the minds of the Synod former excellencies in the art of surgery, namely, the recollection of inflammation by vein proceeding to the heart, and thereby killing the patient. This object was easily traced, and the fact established. There was a gentle reprimand given to the young surgeon who received the patient, for not having anticipated the case, and putting on a tight bandage above the bitten part, in the height of inflammation. I say, gentle, because, if that had succeeded, the case would not have been so instructive, nor would it have done so much honour to the memory of the immortal man who devised the mode of treatment, nor the modest Bartholomew, who shared the honour also with him. How excellent!

“*Laudari a laudato.*”

Having done with this experiment, methought the Synod availed themselves of another, that really intruded itself upon them. It was, to see the state of the stomach, especially as fasting long, and almost sudden death, tended, as they say, to provoke the erosion of it; and, without the least surprise on the part of the Synod, they

found an entire erosion of the great curvature of it. "Well, now," said all three — "This makes a fourth case within these fifty years." Woe unto both of you, ye Italian meddling priests, *Fontana* and *Spallanzani*! — Woe unto both of you, for having the presumption to combat *Genius without Learning*! Where are now, *Fontana*, your thousands of experiments on the power of poisons! and you, you meddling *Spallanzani*! where are your thousands of experiments of the non-digestion of the stomach after death! Methought, they all congratulated me for this my triumph over two *Italian priests*, and the victory of *Genius without Learning*, that I exclaimed, with joy, the following:

"Glorious dreams stand ready to restore
The pleasing shapes of all you saw before."

Methought Phusis was desperately pleased. Said he, "We know what you want; your name is up; and you shall be elected." I directly replied, that these experiments shall have the indisputable sanction of a Fellow of the Royal Society before they are printed.

The Synod was pleased. Methought I turned to Woeful, and, whispering him, said, that I would have touched upon a certain pair of nerves, but that the experiment was out of galvanic reach; and that a dead patient, and partly dissected, could not be tickled by any power within my thoughts, sleeping or waking, I dropped the intention. Besides, a philippic has been given, and a philippic has been retorted, but in the end the Fellows will have it. Methought the Synod seemed gratified beyond measure, especially Phusis, that I could not help bursting forth in the following:

“ Good man! those joyful tears show thy true heart.
 The common voice, I see, is verified
 Of thee, which says thus: Do my Lord of Canterbury
 But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.”

Methought we took our leave, and I galloped to the hay-field in search of the adder. I was no sooner in it but my horse was surrounded by all the haymakers, who told me, that a kite had carried away the adder, and fled beyond their sight, the adder hanging in full length before him.

“ Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us ! ”

exclaimed I! Methought, as a kite is a silent bird, and as neither Æsop, Phædrus, or Gay, have put a word into his mouth, it was not to be expected I could tell any thing more about the kite. And as to the adder, he is too deaf for dialogue: all that can be got out of him is what the poet says of him :

“ The adder hisseth, while the sweet birds sing.”

Methought I now awoke, and found that I had had a very singular dream, strongly bordering on verisimilitude of reality. I found that it had flattered my pride with the strengthened probability of my becoming, under the protection of the Synod, a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The Synod, upon this my representation, unexpectedly thanked me heartily. It seemed to suit the hyperbolic taste of the little Synod; although, generally, men, and especially experimental philosophers, like not to hear of their being outdone by others, and especially in their own calling. All three had professed, formerly, that the

weight of the Orations was within their grand intendment, and that it was a demonstrative proof of the profundity of the doctrine of Genius without Learning. To tell the truth, I was, upon hearing this declaration from them, and feeling, as I did, the importance of their recantation, obliged to turn my face about, in order to conceal from their observation an involuntary burst of laughter.

One of the Synod remarked, that he should have supposed, from the talents I shewed, that the court end of the town would be a residence more congenial to my taste, and the chastity of my sentiment, than Fleet-market. The question was impolitic, as you will see by my reply, that I loved the residence I was born in. They, I could see, understood the spirit of my answer; and I added further, a good name in our native soil is a precious ointment, and inspires the possessor with an inexpressible independency of mind. The little Synod seemed electrified at my boldness, as they thought it was, and affected a laugh. I, seeing that, did not choose to give way. I said

that I would not yield to any undertaker for taste in the conduct of a funeral, so I would not permit myself to be managed by the direction of any man. I rival not (said I), nor do I envy, the houses in St. George's or Soho, for all that passed lately in their undertakings. Where I had not the management, I would have thrown up the concern. From the feelings which had been expressed by nineteen out of twenty of the populace of England whilst living, I should have been certain of being accompanied by none others, but those who sympathized with broken hearts.

——— “ Dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages ; yet mixed
With, violated not their bliss.”

I have seen soldiers bury their comrades, and am assured, had they followed my inclinations or their own, they would not have been found amongst a wayward struggle with a lamenting populace of their native country. They would not have gone out of that path, which in her life-time led her to St. Paul's.

————— “ Bay not me ;
 I’ll not endure it. You forget yourself,
 To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I—
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions.”

Nor need they have brought with them instruments of death : with their firelocks reversed, drums muffled, and their solemn martial music for the dead, the scene would have been a lesson of mortality, inasmuch as revenge had paused and power withdrawn. If the Procession had gone through Pall-Mall, perhaps the flower-girls might have scattered a little wormwood, and some bursting hearts uttered sounds like groans,

“ Because th’ anointed king is hence”— RICHARD II.

Nothing more.

Besides the approach to St. Paul’s Cathedral, the solemn toll of the great bell, alternated with the minute-guns at the Tower of London, and the mourning,

“ Passing shew,”

of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and the best hearts of Englishmen ; all these would confirm

the universal sentiment that the court-ceremony was,

“The trappings and the suits of woe !”

No, Gentlemen, said I, here I am of importance ! on this spot, in days of yore, Royalty revelled.—Fleet Ditch, always a constant tributary to the Thames, had her Naiads, which the Poets courted long before Pope’s time, and even to the life-time of Arthur Murphy, he had his Naiads of Fleet Ditch, but the masons and the architects have chased them from our vicinage.

“ Thus far with rough and all unable pen
Our bending Author has pursued his story.”

After a short pause, I observed Doctor Phusis the Hoste gather together the floating features of his face, and then smoothed them into a magisterial form, such as is ever assumed by official diplomacy. He turned to Bartholomew, and then to Saint George, and he, by his important manner, bespoke all their attention, and mine too. His anxiety appeared to be pregnant with a case of awful weight. For whom, said he, are these Hunterian Orations ? For whom are these

memorials which I want, should bid high to immortality?

“ Perennius ære.”

But, for mine uncle John;

“ But mine—and mine I loved—and mine I praised,
And mine that I was fond on—mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of him.”

Doctor Phusis then, without relaxation of countenance, addressed me, and in the softest manner. “ Mr. Woeful,” said he, “ we have to thank you for the brilliant effusions prompted by the Curate of Black Fryars, and scattered in a choice manner amongst us.” He then asked me (coaxingly) who it was instructed me to make this application; I frankly told him, the Committee of Undertakers.

I added, that this important body in society had latterly been sowered by disappointment; that the cow pox had cut off a most profitable branch of their revenue; that the gas lights were too strong for the resurrection men; and moreover, I added, much as we had been ever flattered by the

Royal College of Surgeons (the Synod bowed), yet as our branch of life and death has been derived from Adam and Eve, and must descend (without any record from Sir George Nayler) to life everlasting, we are resolved unanimously to raise the supplies, which the resurrection men, through the surgeons, profit from, within ourselves; to make our own mummies, to have our own inspectors, our own Scrubs, and our own hearsemen. We, I say, we will have a Royal College of Undertakers. And we, I say, we will take care that in the creation of knights with us there be no dishonourable trickery :

“ Knight, knight, good mother ! Basilisko like.”

RICHARD II.

He then asked me who wrote my Prologue ? “ I will not tell you,” said I, “ unless you tell me who wrote your Morbid Anatomy—

“ Truth hath a quiet breast.”

The Curate, availing himself of the gentle temper of the Synod, ventured to ask Phusis, if his uncle John had not a house and a lawn at Earls Court? “ Yes,” said Phusis. “ Be-

cause," said the Curate, "when I was a very little boy, I was at a school in its proximity. The house, the lions, the crocodiles, the pyramids of bones, the electric rods, and the live animals upon the lawn, excited the attraction of all the boys. I remember the head boy had just finished a Prize Latin Poem, called Loo-choo, a few lines of which our worthy Master parodied, they being in point in praise of every thing about the house and lawn."

Here Phusis became curious.

These poetic lines were sent to your uncle John. "Well," says Phusis, eagerly, "what became of them?" I replied, "that they were intended to have been placed over the great door, where the crocodile was." "And why," replied Phusis, "were they not so placed?" The Curate, in a degree so low as a whisper, said, "that uncle John finding that the lines were neither Scotch nor English, refused them for being outlandish, and sent them back. I remember we all laughed. I will try to recollect them.—I do.—Pray hear them!" Phusis did not much relish it, but would not be seen to stop him.

——— “ *Hic Africa ridet,
Asia hic--hic rabidæ tigres, et sæva luporum
Agmina; cum pedibus pernicibus urget arenam
Iratuque leo, et fulvâ cervice læna.*”

The Curate felt disappointed, for this passed unnoticed. “What a pity,” says the Curate, “that Parliament had not bought this with the Town commodities—as now the object is quite forgotten.

“Like a waxen image 'gainst a fire
Bears no impression of the thing it was”—

Or,

“As a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves in water, and doth lose its form.”

“Heavens! what a delightful pilgrimage it would have been,” said the Curate, emphatically, “for the Hunterian Saints to offer up their devotions!” The Synod shook their heads, and thought so.

All this passed in great good humour, half laughing. I knew, by the bye, he would have given his eyes—they all three would—to have known who wrote, who really wrote the Prologue; for I was not so simple

as not to see that Phusis put his first question for the sake of coming to his second.

I, in my turn, began to pluck up; for I did not much relish being catechised. I had heard the Curate of Black Fryars extol, in the most exalted degree, the high merit of "Garth's Dispensary." Accordingly, I asked Doctor Phusis the Hoste if he liked "Garth's Dispensary?" not doubting, even now, but he has read it. He told me that it must have been written before his time. I put the same question to Bartholomew. He shook his head. The same to Saint George. He rolled his runaway eyes, and uttered — No. I saw by this time that I had, by the assistance of the Curate, the best of it, but all in good humour — yes, all! We seemed disposed to part like friends well acquainted with each other, anxiously desirous to meet again. But, as if he thought I was more softened down now than when I made my former reply, he again repeated, "Who wrote the Prologue?" I gave him the same answer as before. Upon which Bartholomew interposed —

"Let's purge this choler without letting blood."

But it so turned out that he was timidly suspicious ; as all this went off in great good humour, half laughing !

“ In gentle and as jocund as to jest.”

We then all four invoked the Fairies :

—— “ To keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing we now asleep.”

Doctor Phusis the Hoste could not stop here : he has been used to have the last word. “ I see,” said he, “ Mr. Woeful ! I see that the Curate of Black Fryars has not deserted you — Good night.”

Bartholomew — “ Good night.”

Saint George — “ Good night, Master Fleet Ditch.”

I merrily replied : “ Good night, Master Hounds Ditch.”

This threw us all into a most ridiculous roar of laughter ; and in this pleasant mood, in the modern language of the ladies’ vocabulary, we

Left

With my most cordial thanks for your high confidence in me, upon this important

occasion, I hope, Gentlemen, you are satisfied with the manner in which I have executed your commission, faithful, on my part, to our best interest.

I have the honour, hoping that I have not dishonoured your delegated choice, of subscribing myself,

Gentlemen,

your most devoted,

and most humble servant,

WILLIAM WOEFUL.

Fleet-market.

APPENDIX.

MR. Woeful having taken his leave of me, and gone about his own business, has left me at leisure for indulging myself, by myself, with mine. I intend briefly to explain a few only of the

CANONS OF CRITICISM

which have passed in my Society, with Doctor Phusis the Hoste, Saint Bartholomew, and Saint George: and, in spite of the hopes which flattered me in my dream, I shall hazard my election.

“Quid immerentes hospites vexas Canis
Ignavus adversum Lupos?

* * * * *

Tu, quum timendâ voce complesti Nemus,
Projectum odoraris CIBUM.”

The Curate then proceeds with his argument upon the

Example from CANON I. page iii.

“ Doctor Phusis the Hoste ‘ takes the lead.’ ”

“ My Father,” says the Curate, “ intended me for the medical profession, and commanded me to turn my thoughts, whilst I was a student at Cambridge, that way. I therefore have had one of my eyes (without squinting) always towards the progress of Physic, and Anatomy, and Chemistry, and, though last not least in mine affections, of Surgery; for I consider these sciences are born for the good of one another. I have seen the College of Physicians stand as it did: I have seen a College of Surgeons built upon a military interest: I have seen vast sums laid out upon architecture; and I have seen military privileges in their new charter. There was the trick upon the old charter; this lets into it all those who can command an order which *must* be obeyed. Without such an acquiescence, the College of Surgeons would not have been called a Royal College,

nor would the influence which procured £.12,000 for the Museum have been successful

“To memorize another Golgotha,”

but for the Royal Privileges so exacted.

Here comes the surprize! how the Surgeons of the great hospitals of London, the successors of Cheselden, Hawkins, Sharpe, and Pott, should submit to the influence which shut them out, and let in, military command and Scotch dictation!!

Looking over the medical grants of Parliament within these sixty years, I have found three only of any importance, and these three were to three Scotchmen:—£.12,000 to the Executors of poor John Hunter, for his Museum, not because his family wanted it, oh! no such thing!! but to keep it up.

“Put money in thy purse.

* * * * *

I say—put money in thy purse.”

SHAKSPEARE

Five thousand pounds to a Mr. Irwin (long forgotten), for making salt-water fresh for drinking at sea; (I wish he had been doomed

to drink his own distillation as long as he lived upon land ;) and £.5,000 to Dr. Carmichael Smith (very well known to my father), for boiling a little nitric acid in an hospital ward! (my Father and the Doctor used to laugh at this, or rather, the Doctor used to laugh at my Father*). But solemnly I declare, that it is from what I saw in the trickery of the branches of medical science, that I, with the greatest reluctance, took my leave of it, and went into the Church. And I am now like a pilgrim doing penance at the shrine of the Royal Colleges, devoted to read Physic, because I consider the science is proper to our nature, and salutary to our natural wants. If the lead which Dr. Phusis takes, with Saint Bartholomew and Saint George, be not thus explained, now how can we account for the subordinate acquiescence of the great Surgeons of the great hospitals? I, in my novicial knowledge, can but guess; and I, from my heart, am prepared with an answer, and say, that they must acquiesce — and they

* The grant to Doctor Jenner, and for promoting Vaccination, sprung from national honour.

know it — because the interest of Phusis can bring into the direction whom he pleases.

It is ridiculous to suppose that any thing which John Hunter has said or done, or caused to be written for him, from his own dictation, can so work upon rational minds, and especially now, since the world has given him up, as to expect, by any barefaced pretences, to make future converts.

“Do you see nothing there?”

Nothing at all; yet all that is, I see.” SHAKSPEARE.

Example from CANON II. page v.

“Saint George invents, but never discovers.”

The influence of the Hunters and their relations over the late President, Sir Joseph Banks, of the Royal Society, was a possession of power which they alone, once having the possession, could possibly profit from. Every professional gentleman (my father says, in his time,) elected, must be of the Hunterian sect. Every country sportsman knows, that whatever dog is accepted into a pack of hounds, must be of the best breed.

Such was their ascendancy, that no scrap of paper sent in by them ever was rejected but two; and these were the accusation and defence of the two brothers, who, after they had quarrelled with all the eminent men of their day, quarreled with one another—William and John Hunter. Even their dispute, which was referred to the easy President, would have been bound up, had not (as my father told me) the royal Astronomer of Greenwich, Doctor Maskelyne, resented, in a very animated manner, the degradation. My father knew the Astronomer well, and has always expressed his highest esteem for his honour, as well as his pre-eminent abilities in his profession; and what is more, he knew and felt his independence. But the Hunters, or Smollett, or some one else, not only wrote for them papers for the Royal Society, but always attended to the printing what the Royal Society published, or elsewhere in every publication, in commentaries, and in animal œconomics.

“I’ll speak a prophecy or two e’er I go.”

The late President of the Royal Society

was open very much to flattery ; but he gave good dinners ; and his friends and foreigners dined off plate. This was to be considered, as Mr. Burke has said,

“ The very agony of glory.”

I might say of him, and his warmest friends may be obliged to me, for putting him into such company as what *Baudius* was heard to say of *Erasmus*,

“ Magis habuit quod fugeret, quam quod sequeretur.”

If the present President, and personally he is nothing to me, does not extinguish this overbearing power (for he will and must feel the weight of it) of the Scotch faction, he may be certain of extending the bulk of his volumes as the least of the mischief ; and, as the greatest, of lessening the dignity of the chair.

The example of Canon II. tells me, that

“ St. George invents, but never discovers.”

St. George invented when he published, in his *Life of Hunter*, that he was the first who practised the excision of the part bitten by a mad dog, and ought never to have been

credited afterwards. When St. George ceased to invent new modes of applying the trick of caustic, he avowed what neither Haller, Morgagni, nor Desault, nor any honest professional man, with good eyes, and since then could ever see, viz.

A middle lobe

of the prostate gland—and be it known to all men, this invention, that first found its way into the Royal Society, I shall

Put upon Record.

This Canon of Criticism was sent down to Cambridge by my father, and already printed. Where my father picked it up, I am at a loss to know. All that I know is, that it could not be written by a surgeon, he begins his apprenticeship at fourteen; nor by a licentiate—impossible—from Aberdeen. It might have been the voluntary and noble-spirited effusion of a legitimate and modest Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians; or, and which upon my honour I think very probable (for it is all conjecture), some resident of Oxford or Cambridge, who had been aggravated to the height by the loss of

some one dear to him by the curse of a
cure by Caustic.

Opusculum Viri laudatissimi versiculis, qui
sequuntur, occasionem præbuit.

O quem, quam, quod te dicam, mî Parvule ?—Glandem,
Sive Lobum ?—Tibi nam nomen utrumque datur.

RESPONSIO.

Ex adytis mediis, ubi tot per secula *dicor*
Chirurgorum oculos latuisse, Ego Parvulus (irâ
Nequaquam accensus) sum “respondere paratus.” 5

Immeritos, mihi quos Inscitia reddit, Honores
Despicio—Non sum Glans Ego, neve Lobus ;
Sed pars istius Glandis, cui prostata nomen,—
Quantulacunque licèt, conspicienda tamen.
Hoc Ætas semper credebat pristina,—credit 10
Præsens,—nec renuet credere Posteritas.
Homius intereà (Chirurgus *Καυστικός* iste !)
Me temerè Glandem nuncupat *atque* Lobum.
Respuo nomen utrumque ;—tamen nihil impedit, ut non
(Quanquam Exilis) abhinc *Homius* IPSE vocer. 15

Formula.

R.
Post laxantem Haustum,—Instrumentum hoc sume
Darani,
Curvavi quod Ego,—quod Ego bis quinque per annos
Mecum habui :—introduc.

—Morbi * promitto Levamen,
Dummodo Ego fero opem.—Præstò accersitus adibo.

Notes.

- L. 1. *mi Parvule.*]—The person is styled “ A Diminutive Stranger, *Page 3.*
2. *Glandem sive Lobum.*]—Lobe or Gland, *Page 3.*
3. *Exadytis mediis.*]—The place occupied by the Stranger in the Prostate Gland.
4. *Ird accensus.*]—Mr. H. describes the Stranger as being subject to Irritation.
6. *Inscitia*]—Qu. Might not the publication of *The Review*, &c. be ascribed to something beside *Ignorance?* *Page 20.*
9. *Quantulacunque*]—Its proportion to the Prostate may be more than $\frac{1}{40}$, perhaps $\frac{1}{50}$, *Page 3.*
12. *Καυστικος.*]—Mr. H. has published two Volumes in Eulogistic Praise of the Advantages of *universal Application of Caustic*, *Page 23.*
16. &c. *v. Pages 17, 19, 21.*

Addenda quædam.

L. 1. *Glandem.*]—Scio quid Recentiores (exempli gratiâ, Wharton) loquuntur de *Glandulis* et non de *Glandibus*. Scriptores verò mediæ Ævi utebantur voce *Glans*.

Consulas “ *Glossarium Novum ad Scriptores mediæ Ævi*. Auctore D. P. Carpentier.”—

Ibi legitur :

* *Strictura.*

Glans. (Glandula tumor)—vide Mirac. S. Nicæræ tom. iv. pag. 8, col. 1.

“ Qui bonus Medicus cum non modicâ vehementiâ ferrum impulit in Glandem,” &c.

Subjicitur :

Vide mox *Glantia*.

Glantia (idem quod *Glans*).—Fragm. Histor. ad an. 1348, in Append. at Monum. Eccles. Aquit. page 43, col. 2.

Pestilentia, de quâ loquimur, in triplici formâ visa est. Videlicet, in *Glantiâ*, Carbunculo, et Sputo Sanguinis.—De *Glantiâ* et Carbunculo quamplures evaserunt : de Sputo Sanguinis nullus.

L. 8.—Cur Prostata non *corripiat* penultimam, æquè ac vox Apostâta ?

Tunc Vir Apostolicus, nunc vilis Apostâta factus. Si verò malles penultimam *produci*, versiculus octavus hoc modo corrigatur.

Ast solùm Glandis Prostætæ Portio quædam,
Quantulacunque, &c. &c. &c.

Example from CANON III. page v.

“ A renegado from the school of the immortal Percival Pott.”

“ There must be incision here.”

SHAKSPEARE’S ancient Pistol.

Before the Royal College of Surgeons was built, and the Hunterian influence in the life-time of this legitimate surgeon had only been hatching, John Hunter never, upon any call or summons (for my father knows the fact) associated with the College of Surgeons—nothing they could do, no power they could enforce, could bring him. It was at this time that this army-surgeon uneducated, opened a school for Lectures, forsooth, for a LYCEUM, without knowing the meaning of the word; and many more devices, all calculated to dazzle, to inflame, and to excite wonder.

It so happened, that the Surgeon of the Hospital with whom Saint Bartholomew was fixed, was a silent surgeon, a bird without a note (no screech-owl), not like Saint Bartholomew, and therefore he cannot defend him upon that point; no one knew he was there but the pupils; he had no more partiality for the great Surgeon of the Hospital than Arnold had for General Washington.

“Tunc Vir Apostolicus, nunc vilis, Apostāta factus.”

There are such men in the history of man.

This my father has told me from his own knowledge. Therefore he sent Saint Bartholomew as a decoy-duck to John Hunter's Lectures, and of course

“ Not to comply with heat the young affects,”

would have been rebellion. Thus it was, that this dutiful pupil found his way to the word not understood, the Lyceum of John Hunter, and lapped in his butter-milk. Here he had the audacity, and without any apology since, in the very face of the cure of cases in the common and successful way of surgery, founded his precedent! Here you may see the worm in the bud, which from the inflamed vein, by bleeding in the arm, proceeded to the heart, without taking any cognizance of the other parts in a similitude of inflammation, and thereby killed the patient, from want of tight bandages.

“ Ludicrous Nature, which at once can shew,
A man so very high, so very low.”

Example from CANON IV. page ii. iii.

“ The Curate of Black Fryars is now at my elbow.”

Mr. Woeful was very grateful in making this acknowledgment ; the fact is, that I like the medical profession in all its branches. I should wish to be Chaplain to the Annual Orations ; as my clerical occupations do not fill up my time, I should like very much to be chosen Demonstrator of the Museum to visitors, and foreigners especially. I do not mean this sort of Demonstrator that cannot exceed his lesson ; such as is seen at Hampton Court, Westminster Abbey, and the Tower, but one which I conceive this College must very much want, as who can give the derivatives of what by Scottish dialect without learning, or any thing, if possible, more vulgar, and not to be conceived, much less understood, from want of pure classic and liberal demonstration ?

Printed catalogues, as a substitute for me, if they wish to shut me out, I know wont

do: I said as much, and I suspect that they hate literature.

“ I would speak a prophecy or two, e'er I go,”

and I will be, as I hope I always have been, as good as my word.

Catalogues are, in this instance, miserable tell-tales: as for example, if there be in a catalogue as beautiful an anatomical injection made by the fine hand of André, when his distresses made him a journeyman to John Hunter, floating in the most transparent spirit, excellent beyond competition, and if that injection be now called for by the most scientific anatomist, from a veneration for what André did do, what does he see*? He sees

* Mr. André was dissector to Mr. Watson, surgeon of the Westminster Infirmary. Mr. Watson, in the years 1765, 1766, and 1767, lectured at the Borough hospitals. Mr. André was so absorbed, as men of genius generally are, by the art of dissection, and making preparations, that any other profitable pursuit was not within a prospect of success. Mr. André, after attempting practice, gave it up, and for twenty pounds a year made all the fine preparations in John Hunter's Museum. He afterwards resided with the noble Earl of Egremont to the day of his death, in the year 1807.

a muddy fluid, in which something is floating, which he cannot see, and what that

The noble Earl has recorded his high merits, by placing the following inscription over his tomb :

Here lies the body
of
WILLIAM ANDRE,
A man of the most blameless conduct,
and most inoffensive manners.
To his professional skill,
hundreds have been indebted
for health and life.
From his hands
thousands have received, by vaccination,
security against
that most destructive of all diseases,
the small-pox.
Reader, if thou art a stranger,
learn that these benefits
were gratuitously conferred ;
if thou art a neighbour,
remember them with gratitude,
and respect his tomb.

He died, December 10, 1807, aged 64 years.

And let me not omit to tell what my father has written on his friend. My father very modestly says, that it is only a paraphrase from the Greek, but as the sentiments are in unison, it shows that friendship and virtue have been the same in all ages.

something is, neither the Hampton Court, the Westminster Abbey, nor the Tower Demonstrator can tell, nor any thing like it. Now my pretensions to the honour of this office are far above all these conceits. These muddy preparations unexplained, I can explain. These anatomical terms, unknown to the Demonstrators at the College, I can give the radical derivation of; if Monsieur Bichât should cross over the Channel, and bring with him his science, printed or oral, if his science be more marvellous than true, more vain than useful, and more difficult

EPITAPH on ANDRE, the celebrated Anatomist, who died at the Right Hon. the Earl of Egremont's, at Petworth, anno 1807.

Pillars of Death, carved Syrens' tearful urn,
 To whose sad keeping my poor dust is laid,
 To him that near my tomb his footsteps turn,
 Stranger or friend, bid hail! and be it said,
 Sorrow lies here below! My sire the name
 Of André gave; my birth, nor low nor high,
 And say, my noble host of Petworth came,
 And on the marble, graved my elegy.

than important, as most French surgeons' sciences are, I shall be at his service, merely for my own amusement, and better pleased if I see Mr. Travers in his company.

These qualities of mine must be of the most valuable sort for the College. I feel my own importance: the pretensions I have already given in, to show the necessity of the Synod's want of me, are not more than half exhausted.

These muddy preparations must either be thrown away, or a new light must be let into them. If I can explain, for restore I cannot, the muddy and decayed preparations, so that their former state can be brought to the recollection; if I can make them appear just as clear to the conception, but not more so, than as the stars are seen through the thickest fog that ever was; if I am able, from my own knowledge, to declare this, then for the honour of truth and the character of science, is not this something to recommend me? What is wanting to the sight must be supplied by the mind. If I only substitute the body for the soul, the two following lines,

from our great Catholicon Pope fit me for
a parody to a hair.

“ The soul’s dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new lights through chinks which time has
made.”

But I have still more qualities to recommend me to the choice of the little Synod. At their public dinners, if they ever have any, only Hottentots fatten from their own excrement. I can, after the most orthodox manner, say grace. I can also traverse the hall, during the dinner, and by my presence superintend the decorum of the members and the visitors. The young male pupils shall, as I pass them, with my staff of office in my hand, and my canonical habit, relax their impertinent gibes and jests towards the young female pupils; and the young female pupils shall enjoy the privilege of closing their fans, and laying them by in their soft laps, to confirm to the Synod that I have, by the innocent freedom of the festival, done my duty; that, by the sweetly open countenances, their chastity is warranted free of all

danger, and that the virgin knot of any one of them has not been loosened.

“ Zonam solve.”

When the table-cloth is removed that is to be, I promise the little Synod, if they will make it worth my while, that I will send for to this festival, if there be one, my own musical band, belonging to my flock, to chaunt

“ Non nobis Domine—”

provided the little Synod, but not else, will grant to me the new military charter rolled up, for the purpose of beating time upon a drum—not drum ecclesiastic, but drum military, consequently brazen, presented by a surgeon of the Guards, to this melodious invocation.

“ Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine manes.”

Example from CANON V. page xxxv.

“ I loved the residence I was born in.

* * * * *

As the Curate of this Canon, (the little Synod affected a laugh,) in the absence

of Mr. Woeful, I beg it to be understood in its proper sense. Travelling, and visiting foreign countries, after a well-founded education in the classics, inspires the mind and softens the manners.

————— “Nec sinit esse feros.”

Mr. Woeful meant nothing more than that those only who could not live at home emigrated from want of talent, trespassed, fawned, and gave up all honourable notion of independence.

“I, looking over my father’s papers,” adds the Curate, “found Doctor Thomas Healde’s Latin Harveian Oration, dedicated to Sir William Browne, the President, and delivered at the Annual Royal College of Physicians, at which my father was present, anno 1765. I have most carefully treasured up, in my mind, this solid and classic oration; and I was more especially entertained by the ingenious merits, according with their qualities, which Dr. Healde has bestowed upon each of these eminent professional men then known in London or elsewhere, and

also of many of those whose mortal career had been closed before his time.

From this oration I here note down all the celebrated names cited by him. I do not note the country of their residence, as fame will tell where they were born, and where they practised; and I am confident, that if there be one single Aberdeen's-man amongst them, fame will seize him, blow him up with her loudest brazen trumpet; it is not possible that his name can sleep.

Bonetus, Morgagni, Linacre, William Harvey, Caius, Glisson, Willis, Lower, Needham, Morton, Sydenham, Mead, Friend, Jurin, Taylor, Letherland, Wollaston, Hadley, Baker,—besides many more, which the College hails as men of excellence*.

* Moreover, see John Hunter's Works. See on his *Lues Venerea*, what the high University of Gottingen says of it. See on Whales and other fishes, and on the Air-cells of birds, what Petrus Camper has *said to him*. See what Fontana has said on poisons. See what Spallanzani has said on his digestion of the stomach after death. See his book on teeth, without naming a single author, or name but Spence: and then

“Let them to breakfast with what appetite they may.”

It was not long after this period of 1765, that the Royal College of Physicians was annoyed by an assailing inundation of irregular practitioners. They made their first appearance soon after 1755, and were imported into this country in shoals by the army that returned after the peace that was made in the year 1761. And, what is very remarkable, it was about this period that the Norway rats first came into England, and settled. The Almanack Writer must have been a most contemptible and blundering Editor, not to notice these two mischievous events, which

“Bestride our down-fallen birth-doom.”

“It would be weak,” said the Curate, flinging down the list from whence he drew the names of the high characters which he had recited, “to make a long comment upon this piece of historical fact. Let (say I) the Hunterian Orators wrangle it amongst themselves.

“First, let them look at the accusation; second, look to see how the Hunterian Orators shirk the separate questions of their Impostor’s merit; third, let the individual

improvements proper to himself, in anatomy and surgery, be distinctly laid down, and not give indiscriminate praise without a foundation, by fulsome adulation; and lastly, if we do not see the usurpation of Genius without Learning in the present possession of all medical influence in this Metropolis, then, until a majority, after what has passed, shall decide otherwise, let it go on. Let the London Colleges be so many banks, and one Scotch company be the firm of all of them."

— "Quorum omnium interpretes ut grammatici, poetarum proximè ad eorum quos interpretantur divinationem videntur accedere."—CIC. de Divin.

"Vale."







